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CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

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A Loving Ballad to Brother Jonathan.

Ho, Brother, I'm a Britisher,
A chip of heart of oak,
That wouldn't warp, or swell, or stir,
From what I thought or spoke;
And you, a blunt and honest man,
Straight-forward, kind, and true;
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you're a Briton too!

I know your heart—an open heart—
I read your mind and will;
A greyhound, ever on the start,
To run for honor still;
And should to achieve a likely plan,
And stout to see it done;
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you and I are one.

There may be jealousies and strife,
For men have selfish ends;
But petty quarrels ginger life,
And help to season friends;
And Fendita, who, with solemn scan,
Judge humans most aright;
Decide it, tony Jonathan,
That brothers always fight.

Two fledgling sparrows in one nest,
Will chirp about a worm;
Then how should eagles sneezily rest,
The nurslings of the storm?
No, while their rustled pinions fan
The eryle's downy side,
Like you and me, my Jonathan,
It's all for love and pride.

"God save the Queen," delights you still,
And "British Grenadiers,"
The good old strains your heart strings thrill,
And hold you by both ears;
And we—O! hush us if you can,
For we are proud of you—
We like you, Brother Jonathan,
And "Yankee Doodle" too.

There nothing foreign in your face
Nor strange upon your tongue;
You come of old another race,
From baser lineage sprung;
No, brother, though I may say so,
Or trip'd to court to kiss Queen Anne,
Or worship Royal Bess;
And you and I, good Jonathan,
Were both of them, then, I guess.

Time was—it was not long ago—
Your grandfathers went with mine,
To battle traitors, blow for blow,
For England's royal line;
Or trip'd to court to kiss Queen Anne,
Or worship Royal Bess;
And you and I, good Jonathan,
Were both of them, then, I guess.

Together both—'twas long ago—
Among the Roses, fought;
Or, charging fierce the Paprine foe,
Did all knights errant ought;
As Cavalier or Puritan,
For John's or George's sake;
For John's or George's sake,
Was simple John of York.

There lived a man, a man of men,
A king, on fancy's throne;
We ne'er shall see his like again,
The globe is all his own;
And if we claim him of our clan,
He half belongs to you;
For Shakespeare, happy Jonathan,
Is yours and ours, too.

There was another glorious name,
A poet for all time,
Who gained "the doublet first" of fame,
The laurel wreath of rhyme;
And let us hide him if we can,
More miserably than self,
Our Yankee brother Jonathan,
Or "halves" in Milton's self.

Well, well; and every praise of old,
That makes us famous still;
You would be just, and may be bold,
To share it if you will;
Since England's glory first began,
Till—just the other day,
The half is yours—bro, Jonathan,
Why did you run away?

Oh brother, could we both be one,
In nation and in name,
How gladly would the very sun
Lie leading in our train;
In either world to lead the van,
And "go ahead" for good;
While each to John and Jonathan,
Fields tribute and good.

Add but your stripes, and golden stars,
To our St. George's Cross;
And soon we'd lead in our mutual wars,
Two dances mutual;
Let us two blues have others ban,
And love where others hate;
And, as my cordial Jonathan,
We'd sit and calculate.

What more of touch not holier strings
A loftier strain to win;
No, places at prophets, priests and kings,
A heavenly kind and kin;
As friend with friend, and man with man,
O, let our hearts be true—
As David's love to Jonathan,
Be Jonathan's love to me.

There is a vigilance and judgment about trifles
Which men only get by living in a crowd;
And there are the trifles of detail, on which the great
Of men are often decided.

Anecdotes of Rachel.

Since the death of the great tragedienne the Parisian journals are filled with reminiscences of various parts of her career, and anecdotes characteristic of her who had so long delighted the French people.

Her parents, as is known, were poor Jews. The mother kept a second-hand clothing stand in Paris, and the two sisters, Eliza Rachel and Rebecca, contributed their share to the family commissariat by singing in the streets, when M. Choron, an old gentleman, formerly director of the Opera, but then teacher of singing and declamation, was induced to give the girls instructions in singing. After being there some time the parents desired again to make them useful. Choron writes his opinion of the merits of the two children: "Eliza (Rachel) will require a little more time, for she has a worse memory and works less than her sister, who is considerably more thoughtful, and understands with greater facility."

Her genius for tragedy being discovered, she was sent to a school of declamation, and having, at a trial declamation, elicited the approval of some of the first critics, she was placed for further instructions under Samson, the celebrated professor. It is stated that only with the greatest difficulty could she be induced to give up her predilection for comedy—another instance of the errors in self-judgment true genius sometimes falls into.

At length came an engagement at the Gymnase. "That name, Eliza, will not suit the bill at all," said the director to her, when the arrangement was made. "Have you no other?"

"My name is Elizabeth Rachel."
"Come, that is better! Rachel is a name which will be remembered, and which is not borne by everybody. Call yourself in future Rachel. The selection of a name is of more consequence than you may imagine."

So she came to be Rachel. She made her debut on the 25th of April, 1837, in a poor play, *La Vendue*, written expressly for her. But few of the critics recognized her marvelous power. Jules Janin was the only one who hailed in proper terms the rising star. He takes to himself the credit of being the Rachel discoverer. Her success, however, was rapid. It may be estimated by her income. She began with a salary of 3000 francs per year. The next year the authorities of the theatre to which she was then attached voluntarily raised her stipend from 4000 to 20,000 francs; and finally, when acting independently, her income was estimated at 40,000 francs, or \$80,000, per annum.

Mademoiselle Mars appears to have been one of the first to recognize her great genius. One who with her witnessed Rachel's debut, says:

"When Camille appeared on the stage Mademoiselle Mars followed her attentively; then turning to me, she said, with a half nod and a tinge of hearty satisfaction, 'She walks well!'—Those acquainted with the theatre well know what praise was contained in these simple words, especially from the lips of Mars. Sabine addresses a few words to Camille at the moment when the latter appears on the stage. Mademoiselle Rachel had not yet opened her lips, when Mars turned to me again, and regarding me with a air of personal triumph, said, 'And she listens well!' Listening well is the height of art which few actors possess—an art as difficult, more difficult, perhaps, than that of speaking well. Mademoiselle Mars was too profound, too delicately artistic not to seize with delight the slightest nuances. Camille spoke in her turn. She had scarcely uttered half a dozen lines when Mars exclaimed, with a satisfaction I shall never forget, and an indescribable feeling of relief, 'Ah! good, she does not declaim; she speaks!'"

In 1848 she first sang the *Marsellaise*. M. Lockroy relates the circumstance which led her to the attempt:

"One evening I was in Rachel's box, when she suddenly said, 'I have dreamed of something extraordinary, which will draw all Paris. I will sing the *Marsellaise*.' But I did not know that you could sing. 'No matter, I will make a melody of it. You shall come and hear it to-night; there will be only three or four of you present.' 'Then I am to announce that Mademoiselle Rachel will sing the *Marsellaise* at the Theatre Francaise?' 'Certainly. Don't you think it will bring in money at a period when the theatres are deserted?' 'That depends; I must hear it first.' In short, when the performances were over we assembled in the green-room. With her family collected around her, and the trifling flag in her hand, she began the celebrated song, which she had stealthily studied, verse by verse, note by note. It was not singing, properly so called, but a recitation, in the strength of accustom and the power of expression supplied the want of melody. It made the hearers tremble and shudder. The success was as great as the conception was daring. The *Marsellaise* brought in as much money as an entire tragedy."

There was in her character a curious mixture of genuine liberality and benevolence, and Israelitish meanness. A young author, very poor, and yet enjoying a certain degree of poetical reputation, had completed a three-act comedy in verse. He presented it to the Theatre Francaise, and it was rejected. The poet was in despair, when Rachel took him on one side, and said: "I know an Englishman who has a mania for un-

published MSS., she said to him; 'will you let him have yours for 1000 francs?' The poet gladly consented; the actress gave him the money and kept him to dinner. A week later the MSS. was magnificently bound and placed in her private library.

During the *coup d'etat*, a critic, who had not always been kind to her, was gravely compromised. She heard of it, and never rested for two whole days until she had restored him to liberty—and to write against still.

Rachel received 500 francs premium for each occasion she thought proper to play more than twice a week. When the "Malade Imaginaire" was given, with the procession in which all the company defiles before the audience, she walked at the head to receive the applause of the public—and the 500 francs. The amount being at last disputed, she never appeared in the procession again; not even on the night of Moliere's fete.

One of her companions at the Theatre Francaise, a blonde with an angelic face, but terminating deplorably in enormous hands and feet, said one day before her in the green-room, "I adore Mendon—I have there a little *piet-a-terre*." Rachel exclaimed, with an indelible air of mockery, which gained her three rounds of applause.

Among the letters of Mademoiselle Rachel which are now seeing the light, is this one to a well-known Hebrew banker:

"MONSIEUR.—My friend M. asserts that I need only write one word to you to obtain for him fifty shares in the American railways. If you will be kind enough to add fifty more for each extra word, the surplus will be for your ever devoted

On one occasion she had to write a letter of thanks to the Home Minister, M. Baroche. Before sending it, she showed it to Arsene Houssaye, who advised her to recopy it, and correct some orthographical errors. "Oh, bah!" she replied, "let them stand. Thus my letter will appear all the more sincere."

Rachel was superstitious, and had an especial horror of dining thirteen at table. She herself told of such a dinner on occasion of the success of Victor Hugo's "Angelo." "What has become of the thirteen?" she asked. "Hugo and his wife at Jersey; Girardin and his wife—she is dead; Pradier is gone; Alfred de Musset, gone; Gerard de Nerval, suicide; Count D'Orsay, dead; my sister Rebecca, dead. I alone survive." And now she, too, is gone.

A Race with a Widow.

Oh, merciful Jehosaphat and big onions, what a time I've had with that widder. We chartered an omnibus for two, on Christmas, and started. Widder, said I, where shall we go to? She blushed and said she didn't like to say. I told her she must say.

"Well, Jehu, if you insist upon it, and I am to have my choice, I had rather go to church." "What for, widder?" said I.

"Oh, Jehu, how can you ask me?" "Cause I want to know," said I.

"Well—(blushing redder than beef)—it is such cold weather now, and the nights are so awful and bitter cold, and—oh, Jehu, I can't stand it!"

"Oh, pahaw, widder, spit it out; what do you mean?"

The widder riled. She biled right over like a quart of milk on the fire, and suddenly burst out with—

"If you can't understand me, you're a heartless brute, so you are."

"Hold your horses!" said I. "What's all this about? I'm not a brute, nor never was, and if a man called me that, I'd boot him, sure."

And then I biled right over, and unbottomed my coat collar to keep me from bustin' off my buttons. The widder saw I was going to explode, or else collapse my wind pipe, and she flung her arms around my neck, put her lips to mine, and then cooled right down.

"Jehud, dear!" said she, in an inquisitive way, and a voice as sweet as a hand-organ, "Jehud, honey, I wanted to go to church to get married. I can't say it all to you, finish the word, Jehu, sweet."

"What word, marm?"

"Oh, you stupid Jehu, dear. I mean the word married, love."

"To the devil—to Harlem—to Macomb's Dam—anywhere, so that we escape matrimony and the widder."

"He started, so did the widder, and then we had it out the avenue, the bus having the start of about a hundred yards. Foot by foot the widder gained. Thinks I, Jehu, you are a gonor. I thought it best to lighten ship. So first I hove overboard the straw.

Still she gained on me. Then overboard went the cushions. But still she gained.

"More steam, driver, for mercy's sake!" I yelled.

"We are going faster than the law allows now," he answered. "Thirteen miles an hour." Jehosaphat, how the widder did run; she hove off her bonnet and came up hand over hand. A thought struck me, so I off with my white coat and flung it right down in her path. She sprang on it like a cat panther, and tore it to pieces. Oh, how they flew. I went to see it go, but life is sweeter than a coat, and my tailor is making me a new one. Here we gained full two hundred yards, but on she came again—

Once more I could see the green in her eyes—merciful Moses, how I felt.

"Driver," said I, "kill them horses or get another mile out of them."

"Will you pay for 'em?" he said.

"Yes, yes," said I, "only save me from the widder."

By crackney, we did slide; the widder no longer gained, but she held her own beautifully. Thus we had it out past the Red House through Harlem—where Captain Graham with three mounted policemen, in vain attempted to catch us, probably supposing that we were running away with some bank fund.

My only hope was in reaching Degroot's ahead of her, for I knew they would hide me. We were on the bridge, and, oh, Moses, the draw was up, and a sloop going through—"Driver," said I, "jump that bridge, and I will make your fortune for life, sure as your'e born."

"I'll do it or die!" he cried. And he did it. The widder jumped after us, fell into the Harlem river, and hasn't been heard of since.

A Very Fast Boy—"Boy, have you got a motor?" inquired a gentleman of a dirty-faced, goggle-eyed boy, who, arrayed in a suit of his big brother's clothes, was standing on the corner of one of our principal thoroughfares, whistling one of our national anthems, Yankee Doodle. Upon hearing him addressed, however, he had manners enough to leave off whistling, and after giving his interrogator a moment across the ridge of his nose, he answered:

"Where does she live?" the gentleman next asked.

"No 'ays."

"No, she must live some place?"

"No she don't nuther! She's on the Island, senny!"

"You 'ere mister, I don't want you to call me senny agen!" exclaimed the urchin, drawing himself up to his full height and assuming a look of injured dignity. "I'm one of the regular young sports an' won't stand it. But I've got to know how the ole 'oman got on the Island 'twas the last word she ever said."

"And what did he have her sent to the Island for?"

"Well, I've got to know, he come round 'other day for the rent, an' found the ole 'oman layin' in the middle of the floor as tight as a brick. So he went up to her an' got her a shove with his foot, an' 'got up maise, sez he, 'I'm come for my rent.' 'The devil ye are,' sez the ole 'oman, 'if ye don't pay the rent I'll turn ye out, that's all.'"

"Will ye, tho', sez the ole 'oman, grabbin' him by the top of the head with her left han', an' punchin' him in the face with her right. 'May I never drink another drop but I'm thinkin' it's my squar' of doin' you out, sez she, 'ye little spalpeen, or I'll break every bone in yer body!'"

"Here 'ere mister, I don't want any violence from ye, sez the landlady, 'if ye don't pay the rent I'll turn ye out, that's all.'"

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Old Smith and his Hogs.

Near one of the many flourishing towns West of the Mississippi, there lived, or used to live, an old Hossier, who, I think, I had better call Smith. He owned a large farm, and lived in a very small log cabin, raised a considerable quantity of corn (of the juice of which, when distilled, he was remarkably fond), and a large number of hogs of the most exaggerated "sky-cutter" breed, and which used to run wild in the world, where they gained a precarious subsistence.

In prosecuting some surveys in that part of the country, we had occasion to run several lines through his land, to his great annoyance, as it was necessary to cut down several of his trees, besides destroying a large amount of hoop pole timber.

While we were thus engaged, some rascals killed two of old Smith's hogs, and after cutting off the hams, left the rest of the carcasses in some bush, where old Smith accidentally discovered them, a week or two afterwards, when on a hunting excursion with a neighbor.

With emotions of grief and indignation, he beheld the mutilated remains of his beloved hogs. When his indignation found vent in words he broke forth: "Well! 'dot rot start' it! Them cussed ingineers done that. I knowed what they was up to! 'dot-dum them coming onto their folks' land, shouting and squintin' thro' their machines, and cuttin' down trees and stables, and killin' hogs and skinnin' out the hams; I swear to Josh I won't start it! 'I'll just go down that to their camp and see 'bout it,' and down he came 'before his purpose cooled."

We were all taking it easy in the "big" tent, reading, writing, playing euchre, &c., when "audently" a beaming red nose, set off by a very long and red nose, and hair of the most incendiary description, was poked under the tent-flap, followed by a long, lank body, and old Smith stood before us. Taking a seat on one of the trunks, he inquired in a grim voice:

"What's the cap'n?"

"Cap'n," said he, "some of you surveyor-men has done a dog rascally trick on me—you've killed two of my shoats, that was in the bottom down yonder, and skinned out the hams, and left the rest of the carcasses rottin' in the brush. Ef I had only knowed you wanted the ham I should'n't have said a word, 'case I like sparrils a heap more than I do hams, and I'd have given them to you as quick as not. I wouldn't have taken five dollars for them two shoats, and now they ain't worth nary red."

That was a rascal! I mean trick, anyhow, cap'n, and I didn't think none of you men would have done it."

After he had concluded, C.—informed him, very politely, that he must be laboring under a mistake; that the company by whom we were employed furnished our provisions, and that we had not, therefore the slightest inducement to kill anybody's hogs; and even if we did make a practice of it, the respect we entertained for a person of Mr. Smith's standing in the community, would deter us from anything of the kind.

After a few more polite and mollifying remarks, C.—produced a jug of "old rye," and handed it to old Smith. His countenance relaxed into a good-natured smile, as he took the jug, and pulling out the corn-cob that officiated as stopper, took a preliminary snuff, and finally applying the muzzle to his tobacco-mill, he pointed the bottom at the ridge-pole, and for a moment nothing was heard but the "glug, glug," as the fiery fluid cut its way down his throat. Drawing a long breath, he replaced the cob, sat down the jug, and remarked to C.:

"Them's right good sperrits, cap'n." Then, turning to us he said: "Now, gentlemen, from what the cap'n's said, I don't believe, on the hull, you did kill them shoats. I kinder allowed, all the time, you wouldn't do such a dogged slippery trick. I didn't keer a darn for the pigs, and if you want one any time, just come up to my house and let me know, and I'll give you the pick of the lot, and as much whisky as you can drink into the bargain. Well, cap'n, I reckon I'll go." And taking a good sight for the door, he made a rush, and reached it in safety. Steadily himself by the flap, he turned around, and said:

"Good-bye, men; the next time you kill any of my hogs, don't skin out the hams, and leave the rest of the carcasses rottin' 'but go the hull hog, fellers." And with a hiccup, he bolted.

"The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, is understood to aspire to wear the mantle of the deceased Randolph of Roanoke, whose powers of sarcasm and irony are still widely remembered. One who is constantly trying to say smart things must occasionally succeed; and we doubt that Randolph ever said a sadder thing than Stephens, when in discussing Com. Paulding's course at Punta Arenas, he said if our government had not interfered with Walker, 'he would now have been as secure in the affections of his people (the Nicaraguans) as our President in his.'"

Just about—Tribune.

RUSSIAN AMERICA.—The annual statement of the Russian American Company for 1886, has just been officially published in St. Petersburg. It reports the colony as being in a prosperous condition, and developing an active commercial intercourse with Europe, San Francisco, the American West, and the Orient. It is anticipated that the staple product of the colony—furs—will at no distant day be one of the principal articles of export, three thousand tons having been shipped to San Francisco in 1886. The company will declare a dividend of twelve per cent on the profits of the colony.

THE SOLAR PARALLAX.—Professor Gould, of Cambridge, has obtained the sun's equatorial horizontal parallax, showing that the sun is 93,160,000 statute miles distant from the Earth, instead of 93,000,000 the usual computation.

It is said that Lady Lytton Bulwer is, actually in a destitute and penniless condition. She would support herself by the pen, but her husband, brutally availing himself of an odious privilege in old English law, attaches them and appropriates them to his own purposes.

A Romance in Real Life.

In Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, seven years ago, lived a wealthy farmer, who was blessed with a family of six children, the eldest of which was a beautiful girl of seventeen summers. A young man in the neighborhood, of good family, feigned attachment for her. Shortly after her ruin was accomplished, the young man fearing the wrath of her father when the consequences of his villainy should become apparent, absconded. The young girl now felt the full horror of her situation, which she could not bear a short time, and her destroyer had fled—She could not, dare not endure the shame and reproach that would attach to her when all should be discovered. She determined upon leaving the country also, and, preferring to be considered as dead, matured a plan by which to cheat her parents into the belief that she had been drowned.

A creek ran through her father's farm and emptied into the Susquehanna, a short distance away. At this time of year, (spring) it was swollen by freshets, and it was dangerous to venture upon the frail bridge of planks that had been thrown across it. One evening when the water was very high, she proposed going to a neighbor's who lived across the creek. Her father objected on the ground of danger, but insisting that she could get over safely, she seized her bonnet and started. She had previously secreted a few articles of clothing outside which she took with her. Arriving at the bridge, she threw her bonnet into the stream, well knowing that it would be caught on the bushes that overhung the stream, and hurrying on, soon gained the road, and walked away in the direction of Harrisburg. The consternation of the family, after the lapse of two or three hours, may be imagined. One went to the house where she had started for, but she had not been there. It was supposed immediately that she had fallen off the bridge. Search was made, and her bonnet was found lodged in some overhanging willows. Sadly they returned to her bereaved home. Doubt was at once, she had fallen from the frail bridge, had been drowned, and her body carried by the angry flood into the river. Shortly after the supposed death, her father, upon whose mind the event weighed heavily, wishing to leave the scene of his affliction, sold his farm and removed to Bucyrus, Ohio.

In the meantime she had reached Harrisburg, taking the cars west, and in a few days found herself at the only tavern in a secluded village in the interior of Michigan. The landlady was a kind hearted woman, and at that particular time was in need of an assistant. She heard the story of the poor girl, sympathized with her, and liking her appearance, insisted on her making that her home. In this house she passed six years of contentment. Her hostess introduced her as a widow; she gained friends, and received many advantageous offers of marriage.

One morning, about six months ago, she was in the sitting room when the stage drove up. The windows of the coach were down, and she could see most of the passengers. Among them was a face that seemed familiar to her. She looked again, and with a shriek fell fainting to the floor. It was her betrayer. The landlady soon learned how matters stood, and determined that justice should be done. She sought him, told him the facts, and insisted that he should repair the injury he had inflicted by making her his wife. To this he at once consented. Three months after his flight from Pennsylvania, seized with remorse, he started back with the intention of marrying her. On the way he had picked up a newspaper containing an account of her tragic death. Feeling that he was the cause of her untimely end, heart-sick and sad, he returned back, a changed and better man. He had settled down with accumulated property, and was a man of standing and influence. The joy of the girl when she met with her repentant lover may be imagined. They were married that evening. Ascertaining the address of her father, they went to his place as fast as steam could carry them. Words cannot paint the raptures of the old man, as he clasped to his bosom a daughter he mourned as dead for six long years. Explanations were made, all was forgiven, and after passing a few weeks of unalloyed happiness here, they returned to their home in the West.

BONHEUR MOLASSES FOR INK ROLLERS.—It is stated on the authority of a crack pressman, that rollers made from Chinese sugar cane molasses are far superior to those made with any other kind. The sorghum syrup will bear long boiling without becoming thick, and when cast into a roller is much tougher, more elastic, and has better suction than those made by the material in common use. The proportions of syrup and glue used in the composition of this roller are the same as those in use among printers now.

A French engineer was traveling upon an old Ohio steamboat. He observed to the captain:—"But, the engine is in a very poor condition."

"And how long do you expect to run it?"

"Till it bursts," was the reply.

After the next landing place there was one Frenchman less aboard that boat.

THE SOLAR PARALLAX.—Professor Gould, of Cambridge, has obtained the sun's equatorial horizontal parallax, showing that the sun is 93,160,000 statute miles distant from the Earth, instead of 93,000,000 the usual computation.

It is said that Lady Lytton

The Fireman's Journal

AND MILITARY GAZETTE

MARCUS D. BORUCK, Editor

SAN FRANCISCO

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1888.

For Military Matters see third page.

Sacramento Agency.
E. BAKER, at the office of the "Alta Express Company," on Second street, between J and K streets, is the duly authorized agent of the Fireman's Journal, in Sacramento. All orders for the paper left at the above place, only, will be attended to promptly; and all irregularity in regard to the delivery of the paper we wish to be informed of immediately.

Official.
MAYSVILLE, MARCH 21st, 1888.
M. D. Boruck, Esq., Editor Fireman's Journal:
Will you please announce to the firemen throughout the State, that the Board of Directors of the State Fair, to be held in this city in August next, have determined to award the following prizes to the best playing engines of the 1st 2d and 3d class.
Apparatus not in use by regularly organized fire companies will not be allowed to compete for the prizes.
To the winner of the first prize, four hundred dollars.
To the winner of the second prize, two hundred dollars.
To the winner of the third prize, one hundred dollars.
Classification of the engines and all matters appertaining to the playing of the different matches to be arranged by the Judges of the same, on the day before the contest shall take place.
The following named gentlemen have been selected as Judges.
Franklin E. R. Whitney, Chief Engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department.
J. A. Ranshaw, Chief Engineer of the Stockton Fire Department.
Joseph S. Friend, Chief Engineer of the Sacramento Fire Department.
William Jones, Chief Engineer of the Placerville Fire Department.
John S. Gidwick, Chief Engineer of the Sonoma Fire Department.
Thos. D. Wells, Chief Engineer of the Jackson Fire Department.
P. J. Welsh, Chief Engineer of the Marysville Fire Department.
Frederick D. Kohler, Ex Chief Engineer San Francisco Fire Department.
A. W. Nightingill, Ex Chief Engineer Marysville Fire Department.
John M. Haskell, of the Columbia Fire Department.
S. P. Fair, Chief Engineer of the Yreka Fire Department.
John B. Hewson, of the San Jose Fire Department.

JOHN C. FALL.
President State Agricultural Society.
JOHN A. PAXTON.
Treasurer State Agricultural Society.
G. N. SWEENEY.
1st Vice President State Agt. Socy.

During the past fortnight several startling events have occurred, which should be a warning of the necessity for more active and extended watchfulness. Twice has the Hal Bell sounded forth its dread alarm; with solemn tones awakening our firemen from their slumbers, summoning them with minds of terror to abandon homes and all thoughts of care or comfort, to hurry to the extinguishment of a rising conflagration. In both instances did they find that the cause which had demanded their efforts was the work of an incendiary. In one instance, that of the fire on Jackson street, the villainous work was attended by some circumstances of so deliberate and cold-blooded a nature, that the very thought of it fairly makes one shudder. It is sickening to contemplate the dreadful consequences which might have ensued, had they not been so promptly and efficiently prevented by the firemen on that occasion. It seems that the incendiary, in order to ensure the success of his murderous attempt, had nailed and fastened down the tops of the eisters in the neighborhood, so that it required some considerable time and trouble to raise them—that, too, in a neighborhood where the slightest delay would have been productive of the most fatal consequences. Had the villain's intention been more effectually carried out—had the covers been more firmly fastened down—the whole Department would for the time being have been rendered powerless. A whole block of buildings might have been consumed, hundreds of families rendered homeless and homeless, before any means could have been procured to arrest the flames. At such a moment, when the fire is every instant gaining heat and strength, amid smoke and flame and falling timbers, with numbers of ardent firemen crowding round, every one eager to take water and play upon their common adversary, it is no time to be stopped at the very outset by so nefarious an obstacle; and while all is busy removing it, an opportunity is lost which it may take hours of redoubled effort to retrieve, even if more irremediable consequences should not ensue.

But such an obstacle should not be allowed to present itself. It should be prevented beforehand. If proper watchfulness had been observed, it never would have occurred. Nor is this the only instance which betrays a lack of vigilance; other houses have been discovered on fire, which afterwards, upon investigation, proved the work of incendiaries. Sometimes the means employed were a collection of materials of the most combustible kind, piled up and ignited in close proximity to the doomed building. Sometimes powder, or other explosive substances, was employed. Fortunately, most of the attempts were detected before they had resulted in much mischief or injury—succeeding, with few exceptions only, so far as to excite an alarm and cause the firemen a long and weary tramp with their engines; but they serve, nevertheless, to prove that the incendiaries are active and vigilant, while the watchers are all sluggish and slumbering. We do not mean, however, to cast any reflection upon the Police Department. Whether as protective or detective, it richly deserves the encomiums which are daily showered upon it by the press. It is not lacking in quality, but in quantity, and the little that we have only makes us wish we had more of the same sort. The pickpocket is picked up as soon as the pocket is rifled; the thief is tracked to his den, and arrested in the very enjoyment of his ill-gotten spoils; the burglar is nabbed when in the very act of seizing the coveted booty, and even if one should happen to succeed in accomplishing an act of crime, he is detected and brought to a point of justice before he has time to enjoy the profit of his villainy. Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard in San Francisco. Yet, while the municipal eye is so watchful of every criminal attempt upon the lives and

property of our citizens, the operations of the band of incendiaries, whom the late events prove to be in our midst, are comparatively unnoticed; although they endanger the welfare of the community fully as much as thieves or murderers. It would, perhaps, be asking too much of the police to add to their many arduous and well-performed duties that of watching incendiaries. We rather propose an additional force to assist them. In a word, let us have a fire police, to consist of as large a number of men as the Department and the authorities shall deem necessary, whose particular duty shall be to watch for fires, and give the alarm upon the first outbreak. Not merely to prevent any racial from fastening down the covers of the eisters or piling shavings or other combustibles under lonely frame houses, but to give notice, receive complaints, and complain of buildings or habitations which are in danger, by reason of carelessness in construction, or in the use of fire or stoves, and to perform the usual duties of fire wardens. The warning given by the fire on Jackson street led to the temporary establishment by the Chief Engineer of a patrol chosen from the Fire Department, who perambulated the streets for several nights, with so good effect that not a fire has since occurred within the precincts that were thus watched by them, which is the best argument (and will, therefore, be the closing one) that we can use in favor of the proposed Fire Police.

The Board of Supervisors.
The report of the meeting of the Board of Supervisors on Monday evening, as published in the Herald, is a record of most unaccountable proceedings. A remonstrance, signed by J. P. Haven, Esq., and other agents of various Insurance Companies, against allowing the erection of frame buildings within the fire limit of the city, was presented, read, and laid upon the table. The report goes on to state that sundry petitions of various persons to be allowed to construct wooden tenements within the fire limit, were at once granted. Granted!—in the face, almost in contempt of the just remonstrance of the Insurance Companies, to the jeopardy of their interests and property, and to the injury of the community. There is no one municipal regulation whose slight infringement should be so carefully forbidden and punished, as that most essential and salutary ordinance defining and establishing the fire limits of the city; for, upon the thorough and perfect fulfillment of its conditions depend the safety and welfare of a large proportion of our citizens. Those who have been elected to preside over that welfare and intrusted with the means of its protection, should be the last to countenance, much less to permit or sanction those municipal offenses whose sole tendency must be to endanger it. Wretched indeed is the condition of that people who elect officers—the first set at naught or break the laws. The community may derive some satisfaction in seeing the common offenders brought to justice and punished. But, when the same offenders are committed by those whose duty it is to judge and punish, there is no remedy but submission or revolution. The conduct of the Board of Supervisors on Monday evening was disgraceful to themselves, insulting to a number of worthy and useful institutions whose deserved remonstrance its conduct had called forth, and an unjust exaction upon the Fire Department; and while it displays an utter forgetfulness of duty on the part of the Supervisors, it may make the people mindful of theirs. It seems as if the conduct of the Board in this matter was dictated by favoritism, but such an explanation, so far from patting, only renders it the more culpable. In a word we disapprove of and utterly condemn it, and hope never to see such a repetition. We wish to have all the provisions of that ordinance strictly enforced, and the construction of wooden or combustible buildings in every instance unflinchingly prohibited. Favoritism or personal consideration should have no weight whatever; but in this matter almost all others, even and exact justice should be meted out to all. There may have appeared to the Supervisors good and sufficient reasons for granting the permission petitioned for by certain parties, but to our mind there cannot be a reason good enough or sufficient to warrant such an open violation and infringement of our favorite ordinance. They certainly were not founded upon popularity considerations, or those of good policy, and they were directly opposed to the welfare and safety of the community. Brick buildings can now be constructed at a cost of scarcely a trifle more than wooden ones, while the protection and benefit which they afford to a neighborhood is incalculably greater; each brick or stone structure acting as it were like a fortress or bulwark against fire to its more insecure neighbors. They can be more compactly and uniformly arranged upon the street, along both sides of which they present a far more impenetrable barrier; to say nothing of the more city-like aspect which they show. In fact in this, as in all other cities, wooden tenements should be confined to the outskirts; where, like the habitations of the more central portion, no danger of fire should be apprehended, except from their own respective interiors. Neither is it just to those who, in obedience with the requirements of the ordinance, have constructed expensive brick dwellings, to allow another to endanger it by creating by its side an inflammable wooden structure. A proper regard for the safety and prosperity of the city, and justice to its inhabitants, demand a strict enforcement of this ordinance, and we trust that the Supervisors in future will pay a more careful attention to its provisions; for any infringement, will call forth a much severer retribution.

MONTECALA 6.—The annual election of this Company was held on Tuesday evening last. The following named gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—Foreman, Geo. H. Hosen; First Assistant, Joseph Cripps; Second Assistant, Chas. S. Way; Secretary, Charles M. Chase; Treasurer, Jos. Figgel. The old officers (with a single exception where the incumbent declined running) were re-elected. We doubt whether there is another company in the Department which has been presided over such a length of time by the same set of officers as Engine Company 6. The Foreman, Mr. Hosen, was elected April 4th, 1864, four years since, and has now commenced his fifth year, as presiding officer. Mr. Figgel, the Treasurer, was elected at the same time and also enters his fifth year of official duty with his present re-election. Mr. Chase, the Secretary, was first elected October 4th, 1848, and consequently has nearly completed his fifth year. The duties of these officers must have been faithfully performed to enable them to merit the continued confidence of the community.

THE FIREMAN'S CEMETERY.—We understand the Cemetery Committee visited the grounds a short time since in company with a Surveyor, and the following directions were given for laying out the plot. It is, we believe, the intention of the Committee to advertise in a short time for proposals to enclose the ground with an iron railing.

NOTICE.—After this date papers for subscribers about Sacramento and Stockton will be dispatched from this office on Friday. Agents and those interested will make their arrangements accordingly.

Editorial Correspondence.
WESTERN HOUSE, MAYSVILLE, APRIL 8, 1888.
I have been very much amused at the "Herald," kicked up by certain portions of the San Francisco Press, for the reason that they have detected one of their kind—a plagiarist; or, in other words, they have been furnished with a copy of which their own images are reflected to the life. Of all these notorious individuals who are waging this war against the editors of the *Athenaeum*, there is not a single one of them who, without committing perjury, could swear that he is not a plagiarist to a greater or less degree—appropriating the labor of other men, without giving them the slightest credit therefor. It is almost impossible to pick up a paper any day, without reading charges made against a contemporary for transcribing news to his columns without the proper acknowledgment; and it is not plagiarism of the rankest kind, I don't what is.

Now, it is not so much the plagiarism in the *Athenaeum* which affects to such a remarkable degree these honest literateurs, but it is the fact that the paper in question is receiving an enthusiastic support, and the fact that their own commodities will not meet with a ready sale in the market. So far as Mr. Weeks is concerned, I do not wish to be understood as defending him, or any other person, who makes use, to their own advantage, of that which legally belongs to others. The grand reason being that she is honest, and it might make trouble in the family; but I do not think, that even, though guilty also may be, her sex in a measure should have protected her from the gross and brutal treatment she has received from the pen of some of those newspaper scoundrels, who desire to set themselves up as the exponents of all that is refined and sensitive. The first step toward attaining such a position is a mild forbearance to the faults of woman, let her be whom she may; and no man with a proper self-respect, or who has received those lasting impressions which a perfect home education gives him, will ever descend from his high estate as to attempt to vilify and abuse those of the other sex, wherever circumstances may be the motives which prompt him to do that which he will.

"Be to their virtues very kind,
And to their faults a little blind."
I do not partake of the fear with which some "newspaper" men have become inspired, that the circulation of the *Athenaeum*, if not checked, may reach ten thousand in the State. It is a paper of the character which the *Athenaeum* purports to be, and which it may be reached a circulation double that number, it would speak a trumpet-voice in praise of the moral tone of the people. And without any reference to the editors of the *Athenaeum*, I am of the opinion that in a community like that of California—where the influence of pure and virtuous women is so essential to its general prosperity, and their association and expression of opinion so material in giving form and substance to all these great considerations which, from time to time, are advanced for its good—a journal edited by a highly accomplished woman, who united with her talents an unblemished reputation, a devotion to the development of refinement, a love of reading, a higher and nobler aim than the routine of every-day life, a love of the beautiful in the arts, science, and literature, a taste for purity of thought, determination, and action, and a desire to rise superior to the commonplace characteristics of man, seems to me could not be brought into existence at a more opportune period in the progress of the State. Such a paper as that I should like to see in existence. It would establish a new era in the literary world of California—one which could not fail to be successful, and one which I would most cordially welcome.

The new city government of Marysville was inaugurated on Monday evening last. Colonel S. C. Tompkins, the acting Mayor, in his valedictory to the Common Council, thus speaks of the Fire Department:
Our Fire Department, which which now in the State is more efficient, fully merits the fostering care it has, and I hope always will receive from the city. Its members are orderly and respectable citizens, ever ready in the discharge of their duties as firemen.

Mr. P. Decker, the new Mayor, in his inaugural, said:
The Fire Department of Marysville, is like its pride and security, being composed of our best citizens, properly organized, with good appointments, you will be expected to provide in every necessary way to keep up its present efficiency. The Department will require a few feet of additional hose, much of that now in use being wholly unfit for such an emergency as may be likely to arise at any moment.

An ordinance has been drawn up, and will shortly be presented to the Common Council for their action, calling for an appropriation of three hundred dollars per annum for the Secretary of the Fire Department. It is a just measure, and one which should meet with favor. The duties of a Secretary of the Department are very onerous and responsible; and, although they may be attended to with fidelity by the person filling the place, yet the fact of his not being paid for his services, gives a tone of irresponsibility to the position, which does not fit the last aid to the prosperity of the organization of which he is an officer. If a man is paid a specific sum for performing a certain duty, he is amenable to those controlling him; but if it is a voluntary duty, he is alone responsible to himself. The duties incumbent upon the Secretary of a Fire Department to be properly and faithfully attended to are numerous, and their extent only known to those acting in that capacity, and demand much of a man's valuable time and his legitimate business. Firemen are, as a class, very imperious and very tenacious of their rights, and unless those rights are respected at the moment of application, they become dissatisfied. The salary asked for in the present instance is a fair one, and at this particular period, when the time of the exempt members of the association is to be made up and calculated, and their certificate issued, it is absolutely necessary, as it will require constant labor and examination of the books of the Department, from its first organization, on the part of the Secretary, to correctly perform his work, so that no trouble and unpleasantness will ensue by virtue of his decisions in the matter.

The Board of Delegates met on Tuesday evening. Power was given the President to pay all bills against the Company Fund. After a short session, the Board adjourned until the regular meeting, on Tuesday evening next. The Fire Department of this city have a lot one hundred feet square set apart in the city cemetery, for the burial of their dead. They have graded it, placed it in readiness for the reception of trees and flowers, and built a wall around it of pressed brick, two feet and a half above the surface of the ground. On this wall, at convenient distances, are to be placed iron pillars, in the shape of pipes, with chains extending from one to the other. Flaming globes are also to be put up around with fire engines. The whole cost will amount to about two thousand dollars. Each member of the Department was assessed one dollar towards the amount, and donations and private subscriptions will make up the balance.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.—We acknowledge the receipt of the Fifth Annual Report of the Mercantile Library Association. The total receipts for the year, amount to \$15,088.26. Expended for the year, \$14,778.78, including \$7,400.00 expended for purchase of books, magazines, etc. The institution is in a most flourishing condition, and the list of its members is steadily increasing.

From Our Regular Correspondent.
SACRAMENTO, April 8th, 1888.
Editor Fireman's Journal.—Fire talk has been abundant since my last. About 14 1/2 m. Monday morning an attempt was made to fire an occupied frame building on Third street, between J and K streets, formerly Clark's Lumber shop, the second attempt within a few weeks. The *Journal* severely censures the owner of the building, and justly too, for allowing it to be open all hours, thus leaving it perfectly free for any one to go and come when he pleases. The fire was extinguished by a few buckets of water, but the opportunity was too good to be lost, as some of the late runners were passing at the time, and chief fire ladders, which brought out a 5, and Neptune, who all three stretched. No bell was rung, for what reason I don't know, although a writer in the *Bea* of last night says the Foreman of 3 prevented the bell on their house from being rung.

About 11 o'clock p. m. also on Monday, a bell gave the alarm (the best alarm I ever heard in the city), which was caused by the very slight burning of an out-house in the rear of the frame building owned by Geo. Smith, a straw mattress had been thrown in and set on fire. The fire was extinguished by 3, 5, and Neptune, who all three stretched. No bell was rung, for what reason I don't know, although a writer in the *Bea* of last night says the Foreman of 3 prevented the bell on their house from being rung.

There have been two alarms of fire since I have been to bed, to both of which the Department turned out promptly. On Saturday night, or Sunday morning, some individual, without the fear of the "one hundred dollars" fine, which the ordinance imposes for setting a false alarm of fire, attempted to turn the bells out by ringing the bell of the Presbyterian Church, on Fifth street. The bell is on the ground, raised on skids, and the night being dark, the alarmist calculated upon having a good time of it, and commenced ringing the bell. One of the officers of the city ("Smelt a mile" sometime heard, and was on the look out, and when he heard the bell, he attempted to arrest the offender. He ran, however, and the officer after him, shouting to him to stop, and the individual in question refused to do, when the officer fired at him, fortunately without hitting him. The report of the pistol added to his light, and it is said in his progress he lay over a good half a foot deep and twenty-seven feet. While I repeat the habit of every alarm, knowing from experience that they mean to fire, and that the accidents which happen to firemen, will it not be an offense which in its explanation demands the life of the offender. I hope the occurrences of Sunday morning will prevent another alarm of this kind.

I am indebted to Mr. Moses Hanson, Dergers-rentist, for a beautiful picture, taken in his art, of the Mutual Engine Company. It was taken from a very beautiful model of the engine made by Mr. M. R. Casard, Steward of the company, which is most artistically and neatly done. The weather has been terribly stormy. I did hope that fair weather had permanently set in, but all day yesterday it rained in torrents and blew a hurricane, and to-day it has been equally as bad and unpleasant. The present rain will have the effect to melt the snow, and cause considerable damage in the river. It is my impression the clerk of the weather is "humming" around the Legislature, and not attending to his business. Come, "Smelt a mile," dry up.

The meeting of this city have already commenced to put their houses in order for the contest in August. It is a fact, well known among the firemen throughout the State, that those of Marysville have in use apparatus hard to beat. The Eureka's have a new engine, "the Owl" in which they have a lot of improvements, and there is some virtue. The Yuba's process is well known; the Mutuals have an engine which has done considerable execution, and the Warren's, with their machine, will be no mean competitor. There will be some of the best playing done here that has ever taken place in the State. Therefore, those who intend to come here and compete for the prizes should not lose a moment in getting themselves in readiness. The very best of police arrangements will be adopted by the Marysville firemen, so that the whole affair will be successful, and companies coming here may depend upon being received with every courtesy and being made welcome. The firemen here are determined that, so far as they are concerned there shall not be one word of complaint.

I have been stopping here at the house from whence this letter is dated, where I have been treated with every attention by Mr. G. Woodward, the proprietor. The house is well kept, comfortable, and neat; the rooms and appurtenances are all that can be desired. The waiters are polite and attentive and every thing done to make their guests comfortable. It comes nearest to the "Cory House," Placerville, of any that I have ever been in, and that is saying a great deal.

An alarm of fire was given to-day at 4 1/2 before 1 o'clock, proceeding from the Ham House. The wind was blowing a gale at the time, and the smoke appeared to pour out of one side of the building, giving the impression that the entire building was on fire. It proceeded, however, from one of the chimneys, the sort of which was burning; the outer wall of which was so badly constructed that the smoke went through it like a sieve. The Department was out very quick, and got to work with great dispatch; Eureka I having first water. The damage done was trifling, and the Chief Engineer used good judgment in not allowing the pipemen to enter the building.

M. D. B. and the *ATHENAEUM*.—Our editor, from a tour through the northern part of the State, in his letter (which we publish to-day), some very strong language in regard to the conduct of the Press of San Francisco. The sentiments uttered are true, and the justice of his strictures cannot be questioned. Being at a distance from the city at present, he cannot, of course, be fully informed as to the correctness of the charges which he alludes to his remarks, and appears to take it for granted that they are true. We do not undertake to say that the editors of the *Athenaeum* are wholly blameless, she, not to our mind; being sufficient, but in the last number of the paper she maintains that proper credit was given for the article in question, and that, therefore, there was no plagiarism. The intention to give credit, at all events, was apparent, though the *Bea* may have been somewhat unconvincing. We state this much, presuming that our perigrinating colleague may be ignorant of the real facts in the case, and so that he may be able to judge correctly, should he determine to pursue the subject further.

What with one paper one day acknowledging that a credit was given, and the next day crying out "plagiarism," the spiritual, vindictive remarks of "plagiarists," who not having the ability to plier to a purpose, feel secure from an accusation; and the ample denial and denunciatory countercharges of the editors; we may remark, with a certain knowing individual, that "it is a very pretty game, and it is a shame."

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About 11 o'clock p. m. also on Monday, a bell gave the alarm (the best alarm I ever heard in the city), which was caused by the very slight burning of an out-house in the rear of the frame building owned by Geo. Smith, a straw mattress had been thrown in and set on fire. The fire was extinguished by 3, 5, and Neptune, who all three stretched. No bell was rung, for what reason I don't know, although a writer in the *Bea* of last night says the Foreman of 3 prevented the bell on their house from being rung.

There have been two alarms of fire since I have been to bed, to both of which the Department turned out promptly. On Saturday night, or Sunday morning, some individual, without the fear of the "one hundred dollars" fine, which the ordinance imposes for setting a false alarm of fire, attempted to turn the bells out by ringing the bell of the Presbyterian Church, on Fifth street. The bell is on the ground, raised on skids, and the night being dark, the alarmist calculated upon having a good time of it, and commenced ringing the bell. One of the officers of the city ("Smelt a mile" sometime heard, and was on the look out, and when he heard the bell, he attempted to arrest the offender. He ran, however, and the officer after him, shouting to him to stop, and the individual in question refused to do, when the officer fired at him, fortunately without hitting him. The report of the pistol added to his light, and it is said in his progress he lay over a good half a foot deep and twenty-seven feet. While I repeat the habit of every alarm, knowing from experience that they mean to fire, and that the accidents which happen to firemen, will it not be an offense which in its explanation demands the life of the offender. I hope the occurrences of Sunday morning will prevent another alarm of this kind.

I am indebted to Mr. Moses Hanson, Dergers-rentist, for a beautiful picture, taken in his art, of the Mutual Engine Company. It was taken from a very beautiful model of the engine made by Mr. M. R. Casard, Steward of the company, which is most artistically and neatly done. The weather has been terribly stormy. I did hope that fair weather had permanently set in, but all day yesterday it rained in torrents and blew a hurricane, and to-day it has been equally as bad and unpleasant. The present rain will have the effect to melt the snow, and cause considerable damage in the river. It is my impression the clerk of the weather is "humming" around the Legislature, and not attending to his business. Come, "Smelt a mile," dry up.

The meeting of this city have already commenced to put their houses in order for the contest in August. It is a fact, well known among the firemen throughout the State, that those of Marysville have in use apparatus hard to beat. The Eureka's have a new engine, "the Owl" in which they have a lot of improvements, and there is some virtue. The Yuba's process is well known; the Mutuals have an engine which has done considerable execution, and the Warren's, with their machine, will be no mean competitor. There will be some of the best playing done here that has ever taken place in the State. Therefore, those who intend to come here and compete for the prizes should not lose a moment in getting themselves in readiness. The very best of police arrangements will be adopted by the Marysville firemen, so that the whole affair will be successful, and companies coming here may depend upon being received with every courtesy and being made welcome. The firemen here are determined that, so far as they are concerned there shall not be one word of complaint.

I have been stopping here at the house from whence this letter is dated, where I have been treated with every attention by Mr. G. Woodward, the proprietor. The house is well kept, comfortable, and neat; the rooms and appurtenances are all that can be desired. The waiters are polite and attentive and every thing done to make their guests comfortable. It comes nearest to the "Cory House," Placerville, of any that I have ever been in, and that is saying a great deal.

An alarm of fire was given to-day at 4 1/2 before 1 o'clock, proceeding from the Ham House. The wind was blowing a gale at the time, and the smoke appeared to pour out of one side of the building, giving the impression that the entire building was on fire. It proceeded, however, from one of the chimneys, the sort of which was burning; the outer wall of which was so badly constructed that the smoke went through it like a sieve. The Department was out very quick, and got to work with great dispatch; Eureka I having first water. The damage done was trifling, and the Chief Engineer used good judgment in not allowing the pipemen to enter the building.

M. D. B. and the *ATHENAEUM*.—Our editor, from a tour through the northern part of the State, in his letter (which we publish to-day), some very strong language in regard to the conduct of the Press of San Francisco. The sentiments uttered are true, and the justice of his strictures cannot be questioned. Being at a distance from the city at present, he cannot, of course, be fully informed as to the correctness of the charges which he alludes to his remarks, and appears to take it for granted that they are true. We do not undertake to say that the editors of the *Athenaeum* are wholly blameless, she, not to our mind; being sufficient, but in the last number of the paper she maintains that proper credit was given for the article in question, and that, therefore, there was no plagiarism. The intention to give credit, at all events, was apparent, though the *Bea* may have been somewhat unconvincing. We state this much, presuming that our perigrinating colleague may be ignorant of the real facts in the case, and so that he may be able to judge correctly, should he determine to pursue the subject further.

What with one paper one day acknowledging that a credit was given, and the next day crying out "plagiarism," the spiritual, vindictive remarks of "plagiarists," who not having the ability to plier to a purpose, feel secure from an accusation; and the ample denial and denunciatory countercharges of the editors; we may remark, with a certain knowing individual, that "it is a very pretty game, and it is a shame."

Firemen's Supper.
The Marysville News of Tuesday, April 6th, says:—Brother Ridge, in yesterday's *Express*, has given a very graphic account of the supper which the members of the Warren Engine Company, 30, at gave as their House, on Saturday evening, in honor of our friend, Marcus D. Boruck, editor of the San Francisco Fireman's Journal. The Warrens, who were a splendid set of fellows, rendered us every polite invitation to participate in their festivities, which our professional engagements compelled us to decline. We had a reliable friend present, however, and from him we learn that, at about 9 1/2 o'clock, after that broiling, a hundred or so of our gallant firemen, composed of the Warrens and representatives from other companies, set down to a bountifully supplied table, the good things of this land, conspicuous among all, a steaming, savory chowder sent up a most delicious aroma. After enjoying themselves greatly and partaking heartily of the repast, Mr. Osmond, First Assistant Foreman of the company, called the assembly to order, and gave us a toast.

"Our honored guest, Marcus D. Boruck, editor of the San Francisco Fireman's Journal."
Mr. Boruck, being vociferously called for, responded, and in rising was greeted with enthusiastic cheering. He made a most eloquent and effective speech, in which he was applauded throughout. An allusion to the present Chief of San Francisco, F. E. R. Whitney, was the occasion of great cheering. We wish we had it in our power to give Mr. Boruck's remarks in full, for our friend has a respect of them, but our space will not permit. There was one remark, however, which we must most cordially endorse, "that a true fireman and a gentleman were congenial spirits, and that men should not entertain for a moment the idea that when on the breakers in fireman's gray, it was necessary to forget the claims of a man, and assume that of a coward."

Mr. Boruck, in conclusion, gave as a sentiment: "The Marysville Fire Department—A model one for the State and Nation."
Which was received with three times three and a tiger.
Eloquent and a telling speech, and sentiments followed from our friends, John D. Dobbin, 1st Assistant Engineer, Lance Nightingill, 1st Assistant Engineer, M. D. Dobbin, 2d Assistant Engineer, J. Levy, H. W. Colledge, Foreman of No. 4, John S. Osmond, Dr. Webster, and others. The festive repast was kept up until a late hour, and all separated delighted with the entertainment. Mr. Boruck, the recipient of the honor, is deservedly popular here, not only among the firemen, but our citizens generally. His upright and honorable course, in the conduct of the Journal, has won for him an enviable position. Toward him the firemen of Marysville have but done their duty.

WARREN ENGINE CO.—We were one of the invited to a banquet, given on Saturday night last by the above named company, in honor of Marcus D. Boruck, Esq., editor of the FIREMAN'S JOURNAL, at San Francisco, now on a visit to this city. The occasion was one of much social and other enjoyment. Mr. Boruck having been toasted as the guest of the company, arose in response, and made some very felicitous remarks, which were loudly applauded. He pronounced the Marysville Fire Department the model Fire Department of California, and passed a well deserved eulogium on the noble firemen composing the Warren Engine Company.

Having been, myself, honored with a complimentary call from the company, we made, in our humble way, a very brief response which was kindly and even enthusiastically received. Lance Nightingill, Foreman of the Mutuals, made a speech, and gave a toast in true fireman style, followed by a toast from the Chief Engineer, J. Levy, First Assistant Engineer, Capt. M. D. Dobbin, a short speech and a toast from Mr. Webster, a few remarks and a toast from the Foreman, Mr. Osmond, capped with the coronal of a spicy compliment to the San Francisco Fire Department. A false alarm shortly after called out the company, and the joyful meeting and hilarious banquet suddenly wound up. Everybody was highly entertained.—*Marysville Express*.

PERSONAL.—By some unaccountable negligence we have omitted to chronicle the fact that our erudite, accomplished, witty, and every-way worthy contemporary, Marcus D. Boruck, Esq., editor of the *Fireman's Journal*, has been here since Sunday. We might offer as some sort of excuse that we have seen but little of him, our gallant firemen, having taken him into their special keeping, but excuses are not of much value in matters such as this; and the man who is good at excuses, as Mr. Franklin says, is not good for much else. Without attempting any excuse, then, we beg to say that Mr. Boruck is in town—that he stops at the Western—that he is in prime health—that he means to stop a few days longer with us and then go up into the hills—and that the boys are taking good care of him.—*Marysville News*, April 2d.

A Permanent Subscriber.
The annexed letter has been received at this office from an enthusiastic fireman in Oregon; it speaks for itself. "Canno' others of our friends follow his example."
DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 15th inst at hand. Enclosed find \$5, for my subscription to the *Fireman's Journal* for one year, and I desire that you consider me a permanent subscriber to your paper; when my present year expires please advise me, by sending bill for the then ensuing year. In our city the Fire Department is the most popular of our "institutions," and I apprehend that if our newspaper agents were supplied with your paper, quite a number of your readers could be sold readily.
Respectfully Yours,

HORNBLOWER

Letter from Hornblower.
SACRAMENTO, April 8th, 1888.
Editor Fireman's Journal.—Mr. Lingard is pretty smart, but he hasn't been to the bay any more than I have, I'll bet three spots on that.
He seems to have a map to play about that card on No. 2's door; that card was one of the best things out, and instead of the originators feeling small when they discovered that it reflected on the Chief, they must have felt bigger, for there is frequently a week or two with nothing for the stewards to do, of any account; why couldn't the cut hose be mended at these times? but no, the engine, hose, and jumper, must remain in the house, three or four days covered with mud; and as to complaining to the Chief, he ought to know, without any complaint.
About once in a dozen times, Hook and Ladder No. 2 has something to blow about, in running to an alarm, and Mr. L. is sure to make a note of it, but forgets Engine 2, when they pass the truck. As to the Chief, I will bet four bits Aiken, the No. 2, will be the man, notwithstanding Friend has been so impartial (?). Mr. L. did not hear of any playing at No. 2's drill; if there is any company can beat those two streams, I should like to see it. Mr. L. keep yourself a little better posted, or I will give you another blast from
HORNBLOWER

THEIR NO. 14.—At the monthly meeting of the Fire Engine Company held on Monday evening last, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing term:—Foreman, C. Clapp; First Assistant, P. C. Wilkinson; Second Assistant, J. Carroll; Treasurer, J. E. Coyle; Secretary, J. W. Kimball; Delegates, S. S. Gordon and C. M. Plump.

SIERRA Nevada Territorial.—We were by the Bulletin of last evening, that in a letter written by Judge Crane, at Washington City, the fully as follows:—that by the arrival of the coming steamer the territory of Sierra Nevada will become "fast land," and that Genoa is to be the seat of government. He intends resigning his seat, and will return with the usual number of commissions for the expiring candidates.

Thanks.—To Wells, Fargo & Co., for full list of interior papers.

Fires and Alarms.
April 4th, 12 1/2 a. m.—Hall Bell; Fifth District; fire in Hallowell street, below Sanson; shed containing hardware; damage about \$200. No. 5 first water.
April 4th, 9 1/2 p. m.—Hall Bell; Second District; fire in house occupied by Chinese, between Jackson and Pacific, and Kearny and Dupont. Loss about \$600. Vigilant 9 first water. Monumental 6 second.

Marysville Opera House.—The burlesque of "La Penelope," on St. Augustine's remarkable play of "The Turtles," was produced on Monday night for the first time, and was put on the stage with all the magnificent trappings and appurtenances so necessary to its successful representation. The burlesque is broad, though without coarseness, and was performed in a very excellent and creditable manner. The character of Ferdinand, by Mrs. Wood, was, of course, the chief attraction, and elicited the admiration of the audience. Usually burlesques, from their very character as such, being generally overdrawn, unnatural, and preposterous, draw harshly at the nerves of an auditor; but Mrs. Wood—with her graceful deportment, her genial humor, her beaming countenance, and beautiful form, and above all, her resplendent costume—managed to draw the pieces of all appearance of absurdity, and give to them an elegance and refinement that charms and entrances the holder. Caliban, by Mr. Wood, was also excellently performed, and the character was contained in an exceedingly unique and original manner. Mr. Courtaine added to the entertainment materially by his correct conduct on the stage; and Miss Grattan, as the fairy, was very excellent. Mr. Glover, the excellent comedian, made his first appearance in the piece, and was enthusiastically received. Mr. G. is a prize-taking actor, and a valuable acquisition to the large and efficient company now playing at the Opera House.

"La Penelope" was succeeded by the "Corsair," "Sketches in India," "Pet of the Potions," and "Mischief Making," and full houses have witnessed each piece. Indeed, the audiences have been larger than there was reason to anticipate, and the proprietor, even though he pressed but half the well-known liberality of Mr. Maguire, had nothing to complain of.

To-night, the "Actress by Daylight" and "Sketches in India" will be produced, in both of which Mr. and Mrs. Wood will appear. In the character of Sally Scraggs, Mrs. Wood is indeed charming, and as Tom Tape, Mr. Wood is limelight. To-morrow evening will be presented the burlesque of the "Fair One with the Golden Locks," and "Mischief Making." Mrs. Wood appearing in both pieces, in the latter one of which she will sing the celebrated "Exhibition Song of all Nations," which is pronounced by a competent critic at our elbow a most enchanting vocal performance.

On Monday evening, will be produced the beautiful romantic drama of "The Sonnambulist, or the Village Phantom," with entirely new scenery throughout, and all the gems of the opera introduced. Mrs. Wood as Anna

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Fire Department.	
for the year ending the 31st inst.	2,901.00
of all losses and expenses, and pro-	
viding claims, left the amount of	
Life Department.	2,157.50
of 14 new Policies issued during	
the year ending the 31st inst.	2,157.50
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viding claims, left the amount of	
for the year ending the 31st inst.	2,139.74
of all losses and expenses, and pro-	
viding claims, left the amount of	
Financial Position.	
of all losses and expenses, and pro-	
viding claims, left the amount of	
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Dividend.				
The directors having recommended that the shareholders for the past year should be the forerunners of the year, free of income tax, be adopted as follows:				
The Company During the Past Five Years.				
Fire Department.		Life Department.		
1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.	1886.
1,187.2	18,431.13	9	36,367.9	4
43	1,456	1	1,456	1
154	29,368.18	4	2,936.42	4
1884.				
1,187.2	37,358.0	9	33,373.9	4
1885.				
1,187.2	77,590.19	9	73,584.0	4
1886.				
1,187.2	91,306.3	0	87,302.18	4

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